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MAY FLOWERS

FRESHLY GATHERED

FOR

THE BAZAAR

AT THE FREE TRADE HALL,

IN AID OF

FUNDS FOR THE EXTENSION

OF THE

Manchester School for the Deaf and Dumb

AND

THE ERECTION

OF

AN INFANTS' SCHOOL.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESS OF ELLESMERE,

(WITH HER PERMISSION)

AND

THE LADY PATRONESSES OF THE BAZAAR,

THIS COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL POEMS,

CONTRIBUTED BY THEIR AUTHORS,

IN AID OF THE FUNDS

OF

THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB,

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THEIR KIND AND ZEALOUS

EXERTIONS TO PROMOTE THE BAZAAR AT

WHICH THIS VOLUME IS PUBLISHED.

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MAY FLOWERS.

LINES ON THE DEAF AND DUMB.

BY CHARLES SWAIN,

Author of "The Mind," "Dramatic Chapters," English Melodies, &c.

THOUGH ears be deaf, and tongues be mute,
Yet, thanks to human help and care,
The mind's immortal seeds take root;—
Hearts *speak*, though words be wanting there.

Yes, hearts can lift their praise on high;
The silent language of the soul
Can take its flight beyond the sky,
Where everlasting anthems roll!

The clouds that gather o'er the mind,
Dissolve before instruction's ray;—
No longer thought need wander blind,
Nor deaf, nor dumb, in darkness stray.

Oh! blessed light, that lifts the veil
From deprivation's bitter state,
From griefs that poverty assail,
And ills that on misfortune wait.

His hand, which saving mercy shed
Where'er affliction's power had birth,
That hand will consecrate the head
That doth the Saviour's work on earth.

Then onward in the work of God,
Let every Christian soul recall
The steps that Christ himself hath trod
Are lessons to the lives of all!

Though ears be deaf, and tongues be mute,
Yet, thanks to human help and care,
The mind's immortal seeds take root;—
Hearts *speak*, though words be wanting there.

THE FOUNTAINS.

BY DAVID HOLT.

Moss-mantled fountains, in the moonlight flashing,
Your silver waters sparkle evermore,
High-springing into ether, and then dashing
With murmurous music 'gainst your marble floor.
Moss-mantled fountains, fancy takes
Her key-note from your liquid voices,
And thought within her silent chamber wakes,
And at your music pensively rejoices,
Listening delighted to your liquid voices.

In this deep midnight so intense and solemn,
All nature a mysterious aspect wears;
White sleeps the moonlight on the fallen column,
On the stone balustrade, and broad stone stairs,
That lead from the high terrace walk
To shaded garden plots below,
Which echoed once to lovers' gentle talk,
As they with linked souls paced to and fro
On nights like this, in the far long ago.

And ye, moss-mantled fountains, to their talking
Made answering music with most sweet accord,
Whilst evermore amid their happy walking,
The silver beams of yon fair moon were pour'd
In such an overflowing stream,
O'er everything around, that even
We well may think the midnight earth would seem
To their glad eyes as pure and bright as Heaven,
Without one tinge of sin or sorrow's leaven.

These lovers liv'd their term of mortal years,
And died in peace; these fountains still flow on,
Unchang'd this garden's gracious bloom appears,
As brightly shines yon moon as then it shone.
The busy brain of him who plann'd
These fountains has resigned its trust
Long vanish'd years ago, and the skill'd hand
That with nice care and in proportions just
Wrought them, has long been moulder'd into dust.

Fountains! how many voices have been hushed—
Voices the sweetest and most lov'd, since first
Your silver waters from their birth-place gush'd,
And to the light of day in music burst.
With the same murmur as of yore,
Moss-mantled fountains, ye play on,
And evermore against your marble floor
Dash with as silvery and as sweet a tone.
'Tis we, not you, that grieve for what is gone.

FLOWERS.

BY NER GARDINER.

When I stray forth in nature's face
And view each bud and lovely flow'r
That springs beside the path I trace,
I need no farther seek thy pow'r;
They say, Oh God! to man's weak pride,
"He who made these, form'd all beside."

My soul! how beautiful they are!
And like thy better deeds arise
Their grateful fragrance on the air,
As thine ascends into the skies
And tells with mightiest words of pow'r,
"He breath'd the soul, who form'd the flower!"

GOOD ADVICE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Who receives advice with kindness?
Marks its simple, plain, intent!
Who, discarding selfish blindness,
Taketh counsel as 'twas meant?
Ah, too often, what was merely
Urged to caution or improve,
Touches vanity too nearly,
Hurts our feeling—pride—self love.

Surely, hearts of wiser feeling,
Should be glad to find a friend
Any hint or thought revealing,
Form'd to warn, instruct, amend:
Courtly phrase and false pretences,
Outward smile and servile show,
May indeed avoid offences;—
Friends a higher office know!

What, though other lips may pander
To each weakness of our youth,
Better to receive with candour,
Honest, open, manly truth:—
Take then truth without resistance,
Use it, and its worth discern;
To the last day of existence
All have something yet to learn.

HYMN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Above the cloudy gates of heaven
Thy starry altar stands;
A guiding light to nations given,
A beacon to all lands:
We hear a voice thy power declare
From mount, and vale, and sea;
And lift our trembling lips in prayer,
Eternal God, to thee!
Too close our hearts on earth we set,
Too oft thy laws we break;
But hear us, Lord, in mercy yet,
And spare for Jesu's sake.

Sublime in majesty and power
Thy spirit dwells on high,
Yet bends unto the meanest flower
That blossoms 'neath the sky:
Thus all that live in thee may trust,
For all that live must know
To thee the mountains are but dust,
The highest are but low:
And they, who dwell within thy sight,
With ceaseless love should pray
That thou, O Lord, wilt lead aright
The feet that go astray.

A GIRL IN PRAYER.

SUGGESTED BY A STATUE BY PATRICK MAC DOWELL, ESQ., R.A.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

What has earth to show more fair
Than yon sinless child in prayer?
With imploring hands and eyes,
Lifted upwards to the skies;
Of her Father, throned in Heaven,
Asking but to be forgiven
For the trespasses she may
Have committed through the day,
And imploring of His might,
Safeguard for another night!
She would seem some seraph bright
From the realms of endless light,
On a gracious mission sent,
To bid erring souls repent;
To Salvation point the way,
And instruct them how to pray;
Who, her work of mercy done,
Hath "forgot herself to stone!"

Dreamer, check these fancies wild,
'Tis a simple, guileless child,
Bearing in her form and face
Something of an angel's grace,
And without a stain of earth
Save the ban of mortal birth;
Waiting but for wings to soar
And be seen on earth no more.
Silently your homage pay,
Lest her thoughts you lead astray!
Let her pray! let her pray!

Her's is not the impassioned prayer
That can exorcise despair;
Wrung from guilt that fain would win
Pardon for long years of sin;
When the burthen of its care
Hath become too great to bear!
Nor the sad, encumbered breath
Murmured from the bed of death,
From the sickness of the soul
To be once again "made whole!"
Or a respite from his fate,
Seeking, it may be, too late!
Her's is not the prayer of grief,
Looking Heaven-ward for relief,
To some bright, peculiar sphere
For the peace denied it here:

She is happy as a bird,
Innocent in thought and word,
And her prayers to Heaven above
Are but notes of praise and love!

Let her pray! A time may come
(Who may shun the common doom!)
When within her gentle breast
Grief may hide "uneasy guest;"
Hope deferred, inflict its smart;
Love lie heavy at her heart;
And the sordid cares of life
Stir her young, sweet thoughts to strife!
Then how sweet 'twill be to know,
She hath hived a balm for woe,
And hath treasure stored away,
Moth nor rust can e'er decay;
Nor, secured by such a seal,
Ruthless thieves break through and steal.
That the fervent prayers that rise,
Now, meet incense, to the skies,
May return in grateful dew,
Fertilising life anew;
And restore its blighted scene
To one bright, perennial green!

Let her pray! A watchful eye,
And a cunning hand are nigh,

To perpetuate every grace
In her bearing, form and face,
And transmit to future years
(Fruitful theme of smiles and tears)
Something that may show how fair
Is a sinless child in prayer!
Lo! 'tis done! But as I gaze,
Half I lose the power to praise;
For my thoughts I fear to tell,
Lest my breath should break the spell,
And disturb the vision fair
Kneeling all so life-like there!
But, as loth I turn away,
Still I cannot choose but say,
Let her pray! Let her pray!

DOST THOU REMEMBER?

BY NER GARDINER.

Dost thou remember, in our early time,
When fruits and flowers were springing o'er the earth,
How oft, the lofty hedge banks we would climb
To seek the hidden bird's nest in our mirth?
And if, perchance, some little frighten'd thing
Sprung from its hiding-place on fluttering wing,
How would we pry about the shaded spot
To find its straw built home, its moss lin'd cot.

What seek we now, that time has lent us years?
Alas! alas! the eagle nest of care,
Which through ambition's leafless thorns appears
Expos'd, though distant; guarded by despair;
Unhappy he, whose chance has been to gain
Power unexpected, freighted full with pain,
And reached the fatal height, where hope must cease,
Seek we below the dove-like nest of peace.

THE RIVER.*

BY DAVID BUXTON, F.R.S.L.

I.

It springs, it springs.—
Softly and gently the rivulet springs,—
(For thus on the world God ever flings
Our greatest blessings!) In calm and quiet,
Far from all thoughts and sounds of riot,
The streamlet gushes forth into day,
And gladly starts on its errand away,
As if eager to seek—though it fails to find—
A fairer spot than it leaves behind:

* This description of the River Thames, from its rise near Cheltenham (verse I.), in its progress past Oxford, Eton, Windsor, &c. (verse II.), and through London (verse III.), to the sea, was suggested by the following passage in *David Copperfield* (p. 412):—"It comes from country places, where there was once no harm in it; and it creeps through the dismal streets defiled and miserable, and it goes away, like my life, to a great sea."

For there from the dark green bough is heard
The happy chant of the fearless bird:
And a thousand wild-flowers gem the ground,
And beauty is everywhere beaming around,
And the world below, and the heaven above,
Seem vocal with praises, and gushing with love,
And each to the other in unison sings,
Where softly and gently the rivulet springs.

II.

It flows, it flows.—
Gladly and merrily on it flows,
Bearing gladness wherever it goes;
Turning and wandering far and wide,
While the blessing of plenty grows up by its side:
Now stealing along by the homes of men,
Then leaping away to the woodland again,
Creeping, anon, with a low deep dirge,
Through the quiet fields to the churchyard verge;
Swift through the forest, hidden from sight,
Broad in the meadows, glowing in light,
Clearly and turbidly, swiftly and slow,
Past homes of comfort and haunts of woe,
And quaint old towers where the ivy crawls,
And the palace gate, and the prison walls:—
But heedless of all on its errand it goes,—
Gladly and merrily on it flows.

III.

It rolls, it rolls.—
Sadly and solemnly on it rolls,
Through the crowded streets where the death-bell tolls,
Where hope is fickle, and labour is scant,
And the poor man's life is perpetual want;
Where, light of pocket and heavy of heart,
He is bidden "Begone, thou hast here no part;"
Where the weak must bend before the strong,
And suffer deeply and suffer long,
To pause, perchance, on its brink at night,
As the river sweeps on in its liquid flight,
To think how calmly they might rest
Beneath its ample kindly breast:
And, as in they plunge,—poor hapless souls!
Sadly and solemnly on it rolls.

IV.

It ends, it ends.—
Grandly and awfully thus it ends—
With the endless waters of ocean it blends;
Roaring and raging, and never at rest,
Bearing the wealth of the world on its breast,
And hiding below with unpitying hold,
Treasures more priceless than silver and gold,—
The hopes of the widow, the hearts of the brave,
The thousands that perished whom nothing could save;

Some in the tempest, 'mid gloom and affright,
And some in the calm, when the skies were bright:—
Thus the proud stream, when the shore is past,
Leaps to its home in the ocean at last;
Wide on the waters its billows it sends,
And grandly and awfully thus it ends.

V.

We go, we go.—
From Spring to Sea like the River we go,
Through Plenty and Poverty, Grandeur and Woe,
From the happy nook where our life began,
To the busy scenes of the busy man;
Through all that on earth is bright and fair,
Through the ills that corrupt, and the dangers that snare,
Hurrying on and spurning the shore,
And passing from sight to be seen no more,
But sailing away, like the mighty river
With outstretched arms, to the vast For Ever;
And thus from our birth to eternity's flow,
From the Spring to the Sea like the River we go.

A VOICE FOR THE DUMB.

Honour to those who lay with generous hand
Their welcome offerings on our shrine of love;
Long be their days and happy in our land,
And may the eternal glory from above
Guide and sustain them, as in other years.
The flame by night, and cloudy sign by day,
Guided great Israel's hosts and calmed their fears
As through the wilderness they took their way.

'Tis for God's striken children that we plead;
The deaf and voiceless sufferers of to-day
With moistening eyes will bless you in their need,
For having light with love their cheerless way,
And in the coming centuries men will say,
"'Tis ours to harvest from the golden seed
"Our fathers cast before us; and, as they
"Lived for the future, let their noble deed
"Teach us to weep for woe, and heal the wounds
that bleed."

A. A

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY THOMAS LETHERBROW.

THE voice of the singer is hushed in repose,
And the dance and the revel have fled like a dream,
For their life is the perfume exhaled by the rose;
They are bubbles which burn on life's sunlighted stream.

But the calm of my chamber is precious and pure,
For the spirit of peace is omnipotent there,
And the joys which it brings me for ever endure
Through the daylight of pleasure, the twilight of care.

Here are books which I love: to the Germans of old,
When the light of their faith shone, a glory afar,
Every page in their sight was more precious than gold,
Was a vineyard in peace and a stronghold in war.

I read of the reaper, who sharpens his scythe
To the dirge which is sung by the red Autumn leaves,
And who mows day and night in the meadows so blithe,
Till again they're a-glow with the gold of their sheaves.

Unhasting, unresting, he plieth his trade
Where the roses lie thick o'er the pathways of care,
And the stroke of his scythe turns the sunlight to shade,
As he croons a wild song whose refrain is, "Beware!"

Not the pride of the garden, that perfumes the gale,
Not the noble narcissus, that spangles the wild,
Nor the violet, hid in the depths of the vale,
Nor the saintly sword-lily no touch hath defiled.

Not a herb, fruit, or flower, in the garden that grows,
Will this reaper of reapers in tenderness spare:
Unhasting, unresting, for ever he mows,
As he croons his wild song with its burthen, "Beware!"

Not *all* sad is the strain, for the minstrel exclaims,
"Rejoice and be glad, O! ye dew-laden flowers,
"Though the reaper of reapers to gather ye claims,
"Ye shall burgeon again in God's amaranth bowers."

"Not in vain have ye lived, not in vain do ye die,
"For your beauty hath hallowed earth's grave-rippled sod,
"And ye pass, in the pride of your purity, by,
"From the garden of earth to the garden of God!"

No! not sad is the strain; to my soul it is dear,
And its melodies mingle with those of the hour,
Which are solemn and grand, for the vanishing year
Is a type of the fading and perishing flower;

And they blend with the carols, which circle and die
In the depths of the blue, o'er the summits of snow,
Where the violet, vermeil-tinct stars of the sky,
Seem to burn with a purer and holier glow.

O! thou, who art Lord of the star and the flower,
And for whom the great reaper his mission pursues,
May we live in Thy love, may we lean on Thy power,
For we fall and exhale, like the flowers or the dews.

The sea-belted globe bears the signet of death,
And the hieroglyph stars, in their syllabled fire,
Write—"the life upon earth is but vanishing breath,
"But the life of the soul is man's noblest desire!"

BERTRAND DE BORN.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

THERE above, a heap of ruins,
Smokes the rock-built Autafort;
Here below, its fettered master
Waits beside the king's tent door.
"Is it thou who spurred my children
"'Gainst their king, and father's hand?
"Thou, who with thy sword and ballads
"Led rebellion through the land?

"Thou, who once didst boast audacious,
"That in action and in word,
"Thou didst need but half thy wisdom
"Didst thou strive with slave or lord?
"Now thy half wit hath not saved thee,
"Summon all thy errant brains,
"That they build again thy castle,
"That they break thy shameful chains!

* The troubadour knight who instigated Prince Henry, the favourite son of Henry Plantagenet, to take up arms against his father.

"Thou hast said it, king and master!
"Here stands Bertrand de la Born,
"He, whose songs roused to rebellion
"Perigord and Ventadorn—
"He, whose royal master found him
"As a rough thorn on his path;
"Aye, and he, for whom king's children
"Braved a mighty father's wrath.

"In her husband's ducal palace
"Sat thy daughter proud and fair,
"When my trusty squire before her
"Sang a long-forgotten air—
"Sang his poet master's sorrow,
"And the love she once held dear,
"Till her shining bridal jewels
"Were bedropped with many a tear.

"From the olive's sleepy shadow
"Swift thy darling Henry sprung,
"When my stirring songs of battle
"In his sleeping ears I flung.
"Quick bestrode his fiery charger,
"In the van his flag I bore,
"Till he met the fatal arrow
"On the ramparts of Montfort.

"In my arms thy son lay bleeding,
"But 'twas not the cruel blow—
"'Twas beneath thy curse to perish—
"Filled his dying hour with woe;
"And he would have stretched his right hand
"To thee, over sea and plain;
"But, alas! thy hand was wanting,
"He could but clasp mine again.

"Then, like Autafort above us,
"Fell my spirit at that blow,
"With my darling prince it perished;
"I am songless, witless, now!
"'Twas not hard my arm to pinion,
"For my scorning pride hath fled,
"And my voice's last endeavour
"Is this lament for the dead."

Then the king looked down in sadness—
"Thou didst lead my son astray,
"And my daughter's heart, O Bertrand,
"And thou movest mine, to-day.
"Take my hand and take my pardon,
"Brave companion of the slain,
"For thy wondrous spirit—lordship,
"Sooth, thou didst not vaunt in vain!"

E. L.

THE YOUNG COTTAGERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

(See Frontispiece).

I.

The blue streams know them—and the birds
Have grown familiar to their voice;
The echoes of the woods rejoice
In the glad music of their words!
Blithe creatures of the summer air,
Companions of the flower and bee;
Whose homeless feet find every-where
The free sweet rest of liberty:
My weary spirit leaps to see,
Their young forms in my wanderings;
Lone seated by some ancient tree—
Or brook that through the valley sings
A pleasant melody.

II.

Their voice my heart to gladness stirs,
Amid its utter loneliness;
And, half unconsciously, I bless
The young, the mountain cottagers!
True, they are poor—but He, whose power
Hath dressed the floweret of the vale,
Will not forget them in that hour
When tempest-winds prevail!
His eye—that rank nor wealth prefers,
But on earth's humblest children falls,
Bright as though born in palace-halls—
Will shield the mountain cottagers!

HUNTING BALLAD.

At sunrise, on Saint Hubert's morn,
I started a spotted deer,
And followed him through bush and brier
Until the noon drew near.

And when we reached Saint Anton's well,
And he was still ahead,
I swore that he or I ere night
Should lie in the woodland dead.

With fearful eye and sinking limbs
He saw me follow fleet,
And plunged into the mountain stream
To seek his last retreat.

But scarce his foot had touched the shore,
Ere struck my trusty dart,
And on his bed of forest moss
He poured his bleeding heart.

I know not if some fairy elf,
Or woodland witch, or sprite,
Had loved the beast, and did on me
His cruel death requite,

But tripping to the water side
There came a blue-eyed maid,
With up-turned arms of ivory
And hair like golden braid.

She stood—as stood the wounded deer—
With timorous eyes upraised,
And from them came a witched dart,
It struck, and burned, and blazed,

And like the wounded deer I fled,
But morn, or eve, or noon,
Her charmed image follows me
To deepest forest gloom.

And now my strong bow lies unbent,
I roam the forest over;
I pant within the coolest glade,
And sigh in shadiest cover.

And I am flying all the day,
Am restless, wild, and worn;
O, huntsmen, learn, by what befel
Upon St. Hubert's morn!

E. L.

5, Grove Street, Ardwick.

THE SUSPIRATIONS OF DODA.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE.

Come back again, come back to me,
Come like a tired bird to thy nest;
Is thy heart heaving like the sea?
Come, I will lull it into rest.

Come back again, O would that we
Had never parted; day by day
The old grief ever dwells with me
Lone lingering here, and thou away.

Come, for the earliest birds of spring
Are coming also; wherefore stay?
My heart is but a voiceless thing
Without thy presence,—come away.

No answer, and no echo; all
Is sad and silent, and the pain
Haunts me for ever, as I call
Come back again, come back again.

A. B.

VIOLETS.

Unchanged by time my thoughts will still be wending
Over the billows of life's surging sea,
Tireless the wings that bear my love to thee.

Unchanged by time my thoughts will still be wending,
The beacon that will guide them knows no ending;
Through sun and storm, whate'er betides for me,
To thee, oh, lost one, are my love thoughts wending
Over the billows of life's surging sea.

A. B.

THE CLOUD BEFORE THE SUN.

BY EDWARD KIPPS.

Hast thou not watched the glorious orb of day
In noontide splendour holding on his way,
Dart from his quiver down his brightest gleams
As though rejoicing in his cheering beams;
Hast thou not seen the little boasting cloud
Threaten to wrap the monarch in his shroud;
Through the thin air with mad impatience glide,
And for a moment his effulgence hide;
Pierced with an arrow quickly slink away,
Slain by the power he vainly thought to slay?

Hast thou not watched King Frost besiege the land,
Oppress the rivers with his icy hand,
Bind the soft bubbling brooks, whose music sweet
Hath charmed the hermit in his calm retreat,

Nip the young buds and blast the early flowers,
That sigh in vain for Flora's kindly showers?
Hast thou not seen the dastard tyrant flee
When Spring has come to set the captives free;
And once again the murm'ring waters flow
And tell of liberty where'er they go?

Hast thou not watched the man of honoured name,
In the meridian of his well-earned fame,
Conscious of duty with undaunted brow,
Fearless and faithful to fulfil his vow,
Rescue the fatherless, defend the right,
Against oppression foremost in the fight?
Hast thou not seen malice and envy rise
To hide his glory, seeming to despise
The power of truth—till vanquished by his might,
Confounded and abashed they shun the light?

Friends may be few, and enemies be strong,
The cause of justice be oppressed with wrong;
Malice and bitter envy may conspire—
The wicked for a time have their desire;
And yet despair not, cast not hope away,
Look forward to a fairer, brighter day;
Of this be sure, whatever else may fail,
Triumphant, at the last, truth must prevail;
Armed but with this, if enemies do come,
They vanish as the cloud before the sun.

NATURE'S SWEETS.

BY EDWARD KIPPS.

'Tis sweet to walk at early dawn,
To quaff the breath of rosy morn,
To brush the dew-drops glist'ning bright
In that calm, early, holy light;
To see the opening gates of day
Resplendent with the sun's array—
List to the matin songs of praise,
The joyous, artless, warbled lays,
Of merry birds.

'Tis sweet again, when Sol mounts high,
And from the azure cloudless sky
Pours brightly forth his ripening beams,
And drinketh dry the woodland streams
To seek the pleasing shade of trees,
The soft and cooling summer breeze,
That, from the balmy banks and bowers,
Wafts the sweet odour of the flowers,
That breathe perfume.

And then 'tis sweet at dewy eve,
When deep'ning shades the eye relieve;
And when the busy din of day
Is hushed with Sol's departing ray;
When peace throughout all nature breathes,
And playful zephyrs stir the leaves
In converse meet, to pass away
The last few moments of the day
With those we love.

THE MAY WIND.

TYROLESE BALLAD.

The May wind is blowing, the snow leaves the wood,
The violet lifts up its tiny blue hood,
And birds that have pined all the long winter's day
Sing loudly and gaily from thicket and spray.

When roses are blooming what heart can repine,
For the time of young roses is love's golden time,
The roses bloom freshly each year on the stem,
But love blooms once only and blooms not again.

Each year comes the spring time when winter's away,
The heart in thy bosom it knows but one May:
The swallows fly back from their far distant bourne,
But the dear ones who left thee will never return.

E. L.

Grove Street, Ardwick.

A CRADLE SONG.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

LULLABY—lullaby, baby dear!
Take thy rest without a fear,
Quiet sleep, for mother is here,
Ever wakeful, ever near—
Lullaby!

Lullably—lullaby! gone is the light,
Yet let not darkness my baby fright,
Mother is with her amid the night,
Then softly sleep, my heart's delight—
Lullaby!

May thy small dreams no ill things see;
Kind heaven keep watch, my baby, o'er thee
Kind angels bright thy guardians be,
And give thee smiling to-day and to me—
Lullaby!

Sleep, sleep on! thy rest is deep;
But, ah! what wild thoughts on me creep,
As by thy side my watch I keep
To think how like to death is sleep—
Lullaby!

But God, our Father, will hear my prayer,
And have thee, dear one, in his care;
Thee, little one, soft breathing there,
To me the Lord's dear love will spare—
Lullaby!

Sleep on, sleep on! till glad day break,
And with the sunshine gladly wake
Thy mother's day—how blest! to make
Her life—what joy! through thy dear sake—
Lullaby!

CONSTANCE:

THE FLOWER IN KIRKBY CHURCH YARD.

BY D. BUXTON, F.R.S.L.

Beside the rustic church-yard wall,
Hard by the ancient house of prayer;
Where none but sacred shadows fall,
A little child lies there.

One fragrant blossom blooms above,
One guileless heart is still below,
All breathes of beauty and of love,
No sign, no note of woe.

The busy town's unceasing roar,
In faintest echoes comes not here,
The sea breeze whispers of the shore
Where still her name is dear.

This fragile flower shows fair above,
That blighted bud is laid beneath,
Crown'd by the symbol of that love
Which takes the sting from death.

Fit emblem and memorial meet,
That graceful rose-bud, of the child,
As fair, as simple, and as sweet,
As fresh and undefiled.

For though it blooms so fair to-day,
We know it ne'er will fully bloom;
Too soon 'twill shrink and fade away,
Like her within the tomb.

Just smiling by the church-yard wall
Its day of beautious life, and then
Like her to perish and to fall,
Yea, and to rise again.

Life's duty done, in such a spot
As this be mine to lay my head,
Where thou, still loved and unforgot,
Art numbered with the dead.

THE DEAD ROSES.

Once ye were fresh with beauty, blooming flowers,
Tokens of love round which I fondly clung
When hopes were radiant, and when life was young.

Once ye were fresh with beauty, fairest flowers,
Born of the summer winds and sunlight hours;
But she has faded first, who o'er you hung,
When ye were bathed in beauty, oh, ye flowers,
Tokens of love round which I fondly clung.

A. B.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY FRANCIS BENNOCK.

Hast thou a friend? O hold him fast,
  Fling not his hand away,
Thou of a treasure art possess'd
  Thou'lt find not every day.
O let no hasty word or look
Erase his name from memory's book.

A friend! To man the noblest gift
  That heaven has in its power;
More strong than death, and yet, most strange,
  More frail than feeblest flower,
For that which braved the storm severe
May yet be blighted by a sneer.

He may have errors, who has not?
  Who dares perfection claim?
God gave thy friend some worthy parts,
  Fix all thy heart on them.
His errors rightly drawn, I ween
His faults in shade will scarce be seen.

If thou would'st keep thy friend thine own,
  Be open, be sincere;
What thou unto thyself art known,
  Such to thy friend appear;
'Twixt him and thee have no disguise,
In this true friendship's secret lies.

Thou hast a friend! O hold him fast,
Fling not his hand away,
Thou of a treasure art possessed
That's found not every day.
O let no hasty word or look
Blot thy friend's name from thy heart's book.

ST. DAVID'S HEAD, SOUTH WALES.

A SONNET, CONTRIBUTED BY MARTIN F. TUPPER, AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

People these wilds! The sea-king, just ashore,
Is camp'd upon that black and craggy steep,
And, while his rude bark rocks upon the deep,
Glares vulture-like the victim region o'er:
And the barbarian tribe is soon astir,
And celts and swords are gilt with rival gore,
And Druids three, like Moses Aaron and Hur,
Beside the cromleck, with bare arms uprear'd,
Stand on Carn Llyddi; where the logan stone,
And serpent avenues, and circles wierd
Are red with blood.—Two thousand years are gone,
And here our happier feet those tracks explore,
Only to hunt for ferns and crystals now
That wave or glitter on St. David's brow.

SONNET

TO THE DEAF-MUTES AT OLD TRAFFORD ASYLUM.

BY JOHN CAMERON.

I.

Ye cannot hear—can hear, oh, nevermore,
The song of birds, nor winds, nor prattling rill,
Nor ocean bounding the eternal will
In deep-voiced thunder on his trembling shore:
Affection's voice glad-gushing from the core
Of a fond mother's heart ye may not hear;
But oh, ye orphans of the hearing ear,
Had God for you no special gifts in store?
What light-quick divination in the eye!
How swift the appliant fingers to denote
The *power* which Cadmus from Phenicia brought
To inform the world with truths that cannot die,
So can ye utter forth the best of thought,
So interchange communion pure and high.

II.

And in the hushed dominions where ye dwell
In depths of heart-felt silence never stirred,
What vital promptings of the eternal word!
What still small voices in your silent cell!

The peace of your calm kingdom can *we* tell?
We, whose all-eagle ears stand open wide
To the loud roar of life's tumultuous tide,
As some great bay to ocean's stormy swell?
Ours is the kingdom of the hearing ear;
The tongue's dominion ours; yet richer far
Ye, haply in the silent kingdom are
Than we too swift to speak, too quick to hear,
Divorced by sense from the diviner sphere,
That higher world where God is sun and star.

III.

Rich are we by our "sovereignty of ear;"
But are ye poor denied its regal scope?
Yours is not less the radiant world of hope;
Nor the world which faith beholds in vision clear:
Glad tidings from your being's inmost sphere;
Apocalyptic voices in the shrine
Of intuition; words of power divine
Only the couchant inward ear *can* hear.
Denied one *sense*,—haply one *power* the more
Has been vouchsafed your silence to rejoice;
The ear that deaf to life's tumultuous mart,
A listening hears far-off the solemn roar
Of the great sea of being, and the voice
Of the eternal Father in the heart.

THE TWIN MUTES:

TAUGHT AND UNTAUGHT.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER. "C. F. A."

Authoress of "The Child's Christian Year," &c.

WHERE the thorn grows by a ruined abbey,
In a valley of our grey north land,
Sits a lonely woman 'mid the gravestones,
Rocking to and fro with claspëd hand.

Two rough stones, uncarven and unletter'd,
Stand to guard that double-mounded grave,
Darkly brown in the untrodden churchyard,
Where the starflowers, and the harebells wave.

"Ah, my grief is not extreme, O strangers!
Many a mother mourns a buried child;
Many a hearth that's silent in the Autumn,
Was not voiceless when the Summer smiled.

"But our sorrows are of different texture,
Thro' the black there runs a silver thread;
Griefs there are susceptible of comfort,
Tears not salt above the happy dead.

"Tender joy amid her wildest anguish
Hath the mother,—waiting in the calm
Of the death-hush by her angel's cradle,
When she thinketh of the crown and palm.

"And the ear that ached with the long tension,
When the eye gave weary sorrow scope,
Hears at night the voices of the dying
Breathe again their last low words of hope.

"In mine ear there are no voices ringing,
One pale smile is all that memory holds,
Smile that flickers like a streak at sunset,
That a night of gloomy cloud enfolds.

"On that mountain, stranger! where the heather
Casts a tint of purple and dull red,
And a darker streak along the meadow
Shows from far the torrent's rocky bed:—

"Where that broken line of larch and alders
To one roof a scanty shelter yield,
And the furze hedge, like a golden girdle,
Clasps one narrow cultivated field.—

"Lies mine homestead:—in that whitewashed dwelling,
Joys and pains, and sorrows have I known,
Looked on the dear faces of my children,
Seen their smiles, and heard their dying moan.

"Five times had I heard the birth-cry feeble
In those walls, like music in mine ear;
Five times, and no son's voice on my bosom
Cried the cry that mothers love to hear.

"But the sixth time,—more of pain and wailing,
More of pleasure after long alarms;
For a boy was in the double blessing,
Son and daughter slept within mine arms.

"Ah, what rapture was it all the Summer,
Sitting underneath the alder tree,
While the breeze came freely up the mountain,
And my twin babes smiled upon my knee!

"Piped the thrush on many a cloudy evening,
Poising on the larch-top overhead;
Cried the brown-bird from the heather near us,
And the torrent warbled in its bed.

"But the twain upon my bosom lying
Were as dead to voice of bird or man,
As the stone that under those blue waters,
Heard no rippling music as they ran.

"Silence, silence, in the hearts that bounded
With each passionate pulse of love or hate;
No articulate language or expression,
When the soul rush'd to its prison gate.

"Only sometimes through their bars of azure,
The wild eyes with glances keen and fond,
Told some secret of that unsearched nature,
Of the unfathom'd depth that lay beyond.

"Came the lady to our lonely mountain,
Pleaded gently with her lips of rose,
Pleaded with her eyes as blue as heaven,
Spake of endless joys and endless woes.

"Told me art had bridged that gulf of silence,
That the delicate finger-language drew
From the deaf-mute's heart its secret strivings,
Gave him back the truths that others knew.

"And she prayed me by all Christian duty,
And she urged me when I wept and strove;
For the place was far,—my son was precious,
And I loved him with a cruel love.

"Love! ah no, sweet love is true and tender,
Self-forgetting, flinging at the feet
Of the beloved one all her own emotions:—
For my thought such name were all unmeet.

"So I gave the girl, and to my bosom
Hugged the boy in his long soundless night,
Gave the life of an immortal spirit
For the bareness of a short delight.

"Years came, years went, he grew up on this mountain,
A strange creature, passionate, wild, and strong;
Untaught, savage, wanting, like the savage,
Natural vent for rapture or for wrong.

"He was smitten:—when the furze in April
To the wind that cometh from the East,
Shakes like gold bells all its hardy blossoms,
The death-arrow struck into his breast.

"And she too—like that strange wire that vibrates
Thousand miles along, to the same strain—
His twin sister, through her similar nature,
In her far home, felt the same sharp pain.

"And she came to die beside the hearthstone,
Where we watched him withering day by day;
On her wan cheek the same burning hectic,
In her eye the same ethereal ray.

"But she came back gentle, patient, tutored,
Climbing noble heights of self control,
On her brow the conscious calm of knowledge,
And the Christian's comfort in her soul.

"Ah, mine heart! how throbb'd it with reproaches,
When the weak wan fingers met to pray,
When the eyes look'd sweetly up to heaven,
While my poor boy laugh'd, and turn'd away.

"Thus they died—athwart the red leaves falling,
Rush'd the first cold winds of Autumn time,
When the ears that never heard their howling
Open'd to some great Eternal chime.

"She went first—the Angel on the threshold
Saw upon her face the look divine,
Saw her tracing with her dying finger,
On my hand, her dear Redeemer's sign.

"And he took her:—softly, without motion
Dropp'd down gently the small finger's tip,
And I look'd in her dear eyes and closed them,
With the smile still lingering on her lip.

"But the boy—he felt the darkness gather,
As the angel's dusky wing drew near,
In his eyes there was a cruel question,
As he look'd up in his doubt and fear.

"On his dying face the shadow darken'd,
He rose up and clung unto my side,
I had lost him, but I could not save him,
And the shade grew darker as he died."

Fahan Rectory, Londonderry.

FORE-WARNINGS.

The summer sun shone warm and bright,
The birds sung in the trees,
And golden corn waved to and fro
Before the scented breeze.

My little boy played beside the stream,
His childish carols singing—
"Oh mother, mother! come to me,
I hear God's joy-bells ringing!"

"My child, 'tis only the tender leaves
In the scented breezes dancing,—
The heave and swell of the golden sheaves
In the warm bright sunbeams glancing."

I wander'd far in the lonely wood,
When sere leaves dropp'd around;
My little boy shrank with a childish dread
From a sad unearthly sound.

He clasp'd me closer and closer still,
And the air grew damp and chilling;
"Oh mother, mother! I may not stay,
I hear God's death-bells ringing!"

"My child, 'tis only the wither'd leaves
On the cold and damp ground lying,—
'Tis only the wail of the western breeze
For its leafy playmates sighing."

That night I heard in the lonely hours,
A sound of angels singing;
My little boy plays with fadeless flowers,
And hears God's joy-bells ringing!

F. H.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.*

BY THE REV. E. D. JACKSON, B.C.L.

Would you know where suns most bright
Ever seem to me to shine,
Where the stars with most delight
Shed their tears of love divine?
Would you know where earth is fairest,
Pendent trees most graceful wave,
Dews are sweetest, flowers are rarest?
'Tis above the soldier's grave.

Would you know where forms of light
Most rejoice to sit and sing,
Charming all the ear of night
With their fond imagining?
Softly rise at daylight's close
Strains that earth and air enslave,
Harmonies that make repose
All around the soldier's grave.

Would you know beneath the skies
Spot that England calls the best,
Where, with yearning thoughts and eyes,
Most her spirit loves to rest?
Mark! 'tis where yon modest sod
Laps her patriot children brave,
They are sleeping there with God,—
Sacred is the soldier's grave.

* These words are set to music by B. HIME, and the copyright presented to the Deaf and Dumb School. The Song is published by Messrs. HIME and ADDISON, St. Ann's Square, for sale at the Bazaar in Aid of the Funds, at the same time as this collection of Poetry. W. STAINER.

ODE TO AMABELLE.

A LYRIC.

Alas, my gentle Amabelle
Now why art thou so gay,
I do declare
Thy silken hair
Is an enchantment, wilt thou tell
Who will be Queen of the May?

Now, wherefore didst thou twist thine hair
In this fantastic fashion?
'Twas not thyself,
But some young elf
Whilst thou unconscious in his lair
Didst sleep and dream of Sappho's passion.

Or didst thou at the moonlit hour
Hoodwink'd dance in fairy's ring?
Thy locks so gay,
Curled up by fay,
I fear have gained a magic power
That to thy breast will sighing bring.

I half believe thou hast been straying
To find some magic berries
To stain thine hair
So silken fair,
And so the satyrs have been playing
Their tricks, and dyed thy cheeks with cherries.

Upon my soul, this very knot
Of hair is magic twisted,
Queen Mab, I swear,
Has touched thine hair.
Thou hast been straying in her grot,
With fairy folks enlisted.

Or hast thou, dear one, seen the fauns?
With old Silenus sported?
What hast thou done,
In glee and fun?
Flaunted with Bacchus on the lawns
Where Venus, Adon courted?

Or have the sylphs and brownies blest
Thy steps in woodland straying?
Sweet Amabelle,
My Amabelle,
Come, tell me all—O do not jest—
About to-morrow's maying.

Alas! my gentle Amabelle
Now why art thou so gay?
I do declare
Thy silken hair
Is an enchantment, wilt thou tell
Who—"I shall be Queen of the May."

From the Unpublished Papers of Theo. Thornycroft.

CANZONET.

"And Joy, whose hand is ever on his lip
Bidding adieu"

O TELL me not of happy days
When we together walked,
When you crop't slyly sprigs of bays
To crown me as I talked
Of genius and those spirits bright
Whose fancies make half life's delight.

Remind me not of sunny hours
That we in blisses past
Beneath the rose and woodbine bowers,
Such raptures never last;
They fade too soon and die away
As gorgeous sunsets melt to gray.

You were unkind in leaving me,
You caused my bosom pain,
And all my days past drearily
'Till you came back again;
And now, alas! I find your eye
Has lost its light and ecstacy.

'Tis strange you change so soon and grow
Into the mood that changes bring
Creating me a world of woe—
You thoughtless—you inconstant thing.
Your love I've vainly sought to cherish,
But find your tenderest passions perish.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED PAPERS OF THEO. THORNYCROFT.

ODE TO THE CLOUDS.

Clouds! wondrous clouds—O what are ye!
Seraphic genii of the air?
Sure, 'tis a blessedness to be
Like ye so beautiful and fair.

Ye move along like seraphim
Sweet ministers of destiny,
A happy train of cherubim
Going some Paradise to see.

Self-locomotive airy things,
Bright children of the Universe,
Sailing on downy dappled wings—
To me your histories rehearse.

I want to know how ye are made?
How ye came from high heaven—
Why ye look bright and why ye fade?
And join and are asunder riven.

Sometimes ye seem as white silver—
And stand in naked truth to view—
Anon, ye from each other pilfer,
And pile up pillars to the blue.

Erst ye were crimson, tinged with dun,
And laid in true procession;
Now ye do seem in frolic—fun—
And move in mimical derision.

I cannot comprehend your ways!
Clouds—ye are now a mighty heap
Of gloomy black and endless maze—
Where things unlovely seem to sleep.

Your movements now are full of ire
With visage dark like things in wrath—
Ay! now ye flash revengeful fire
And give the rolling thunders birth.

O what a world of wonders ye
Disclose to frail, reflecting man:
I would your secret mysteries see,
Your holiest sanctuaries scan.

I've watched ye oft in winter days
Rise from the north with dismal brow
To dim day's chill yet cheerful rays,
Rays, which make earth so gladsome now.

O'er yonder hills majestic ye
Do ride the whirlwind and the blast,
And shake the forest furiously
While hail and rain around ye cast.

Oft I have watched the orb of night
Sublimely riding through the air;
Adoring, watched, with rapt delight
When ye were fleecy, light, and fair.

I ever loved your changing forms,
Ye symbol what my life has been;
To nature passive—calms or storms
Untranquil oft—yet oft serene.

Now every form of cloud is fled—
So may my heart be as the heaven,
All peace—Great God, O shield my head—
Father! to thee, my soul is given.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED PAPERS OF THEO. THORNYCROFT.

"THE PLACE THAT KNOWS US NOW SHALL KNOW US NO MORE FOR EVER."

THOU art fading away like a delicate rose
When blighted untimely, by cold winds and frost,
And the hues of thy loveliness soon will repose
In the grave, but thy virtue can never be lost.

That lives like thy spirit in essence divine—
Which shall triumph untarnished o'er death and decay;
Thou wilt go to the regions where souls ne'er repine,
But rejoice in the splendour of unending day.

Then, fear not, sweet maid, from this frail life to part,
Remember—dear souls whom we loved are gone there
We have mourned their departure with sorrow of heart
And now thou art going their glory to share.

Forget not—friends living have now double grief
To darken the days of their mortal career,
And soon my sad spirit will find its relief,
And follow thy pathway and leave all things here.

In the graveyard commingling our ashes shall rest,
Our frailties and follies shall rest 'neath the sod,
While our souls clothed in beauty for evermore blest,
Shall live all immortal midst the glories of God.

She is gone to the grave—and the gulph-dream is past—
And the splendour she hoped is her heritage now—
But over my spirit thick darkness is cast,
And despair hangs its gloom, like a cloud, on my brow.

From the Unpublished Papers of Theo. Thornycroft.

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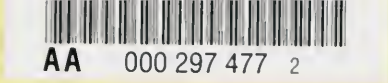
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